Lithuanian Lullaby

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Lithuanian Lullaby

by CheekysMagic

Summary

Will is pregnant with his and Hannibal's second child but finds them restless as he tries to sleep.

Looks like Hannibal is going to have to come to the rescue and sing them a lullaby.

Basically tooth-rotting fluff with a bit of Hannibal cheesiness.

Notes

Really hope you guys enjoy this, I wrote this as a spur of the moment kind of thing so I'm hoping it'll get love :D

I really need to stop posting so much damn mpreg but dammit its cute.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will stepped into the bedroom, his eyes tired and his hair a ruffled mess. Hannibal smiled and made space on the bed for his husband, not resisting any temptation to have such an adorable man in bed beside him.

“Sleepy?” He asked, light tone in his voice to match his widening smile as Will waddled his way into the room. His seven-month pregnant stomach poking out from under the stretched rim of his t-shirt.

Will grunted and rubbed his eye with his palm as he sat down on the edge of the bed and very carefully shuffled himself onto it, Hannibal watching on amused at the struggle his husband was having.

“You could help instead of watching me suffer” Will snapped, holding his stomach as he managed to get himself into bed without hurting himself or the baby. He was much bigger than he had been with Abigail, so every little thing was a task.

Hannibal snorted and sorted his pillows for him so that he could lie down, watching him shuffle downwards into the sheets while stiff little grunts passed his lips, obvious that his lower back must have been hurting.

“I apologise for laughing William but it is amusing to see you so inept, usually you are so cocky about your own independence. It is only natural that I find amusement in your own tasted comeuppance”

Tempted to snap at him again, Will bypassed it for sticking his tongue out at him and getting onto his side so that he was facing his husband, large belly now resting on the mattress between them.

“How is the fledgling doing?” Hannibal asked curiously, his hand naturally pressing itself into the firm flesh of Will’s bump, feeling the form of his child shift beneath his fingers and palm. “Awake” Will replied mournfully, shifting again and wincing as a jolt of pain went up his spine.

“Unfortunate” The other man replied, watching as beneath his palm the infant stretched and a foot appeared to poke from under Will’s flesh like an alien from those films Will had forced Hannibal to watch. “He doesn’t seem very tired does he?”

Will made a discomforted sound and buried his face into the pillow beneath his head, child still squirming as he wished for them to go to sleep so he could himself. “Abigail was never this active, I think the second child is somehow like a curse. Punishes you for thinking pregnancy could be so easy”

This made Hannibal smile, leaning over to kiss his husband tenderly on the lips before bending further down to line his pregnant stomach with kisses also. “Perhaps he needs some encouraging, have you not tried to lull him with music?”

Will had a hard time trying not to laugh, opening his eyes to look at Hannibal as if he were an idiot. “I am not using that baby Mozart thing you got me Hannibal, it’s ridiculous and doesn’t work” The baby’s foot poked out again and Will gingerly pressed it down with his finger, thankfully the infant obeying their mother.

“How about singing to them then?”

The expression that morphed onto Will’s face could only be described as nothing more than befuddlement. Not once in his life had he sung or had he heard or seen Hannibal sing either. It would be a royal shock if one of them were to starting singing now.

“Be my guest if you want to make both mine and Tobias’ ears bleed” Will said flatly, not taking his husband seriously as he again watched as a foot bulged out of his skin when the infant stretched inside him.

Hannibal smirked and moved himself so that he was closer to Will’s stomach, palm resting warmly just below his scar as he cleared his throat and began his lullaby.

“Virė, virė, pelytė košytę, virė, virė, pelytė košytę. Tam davė, tam davė. Tam davė, tam davė. O tam ir neliko. Bėga, bėga pelytė į šulinėlį vandenėlio atsinešti”

Will watched him sing, purely mesmerised by the thick accented words that poured from his husband’s lips. It made his heart ache, mainly with love to know that Hannibal could sing so beautifully in his native tongue.

“Virė, virė, pelytė košytę, virė, virė, pelytė košytę. Tam davė, tam davė. Tam davė, tam davė. O tam ir neliko. Bėga, bėga pelytė į šulinėlį vandenėlio atsinešti”

He repeated the words again before pressing a light kiss to the taut skin of Will’s bump, the child noticeably wearier as they chose not to kick against their father’s hand. Hannibal smiled, feeling triumphant as he looked up at Will and his smile grew wider.

“When did you learn how to sing?” The younger man questioned, stroking his palm over his stomach and feeling Tobias settling inside of him, obviously made tired by Hannibal’s soft singing voice.

Hannibal sat up so that he was above Will, bringing a hand down to stroke across his lover’s stubbled cheek and shift to run through his thick and ruly curls. “Back in my youth, my mother taught me it and I sang it for Mischa. It was her favourite song”

Taking the hand in his hair, Will brought it to his lips and kissed his knuckles softly. His blue eyes nearly black in the darkness of their room when he looked up at him and sadly understood the sentiments behind that song.

“And now, it will be our children’s favourite song”

It was the least Will could do, to give Mischa legacy through their children. Abigail Hobbs would not have been able to appreciate lullabies, nor would have Walter as they were too old. Their own children were young enough, young enough to appreciate them.

Hannibal leaned close and kissed Will on the lips, one hand cupping his jaw while the other rested on Will's bump to check that Tobias had finally gone to sleep. To their luck, he had and was nestled comfortably much to Will's relief.

"I love you" Will whispered against his lips, running his fingers through the back of Hannibal's hair as the older man gave him a sweet simper and kissed him again before settling beside him. "I love you too Will, the children you have given me as well"

Both men closed their eyes, already feeling sleep beckoning when all of a sudden the door creaked open and the soft little sounds of sobbing filled the room.

Hannibal sat up, visibly softening at the sight of their daughter stood in the doorway. "Bad dreams" She whimpered, stepping over towards her parent's bed and then crawling onto it as she made her way towards Hannibal and Will.

"Looks like Tobias isn't the only one you're going to be singing to tonight" Will muttered, smiling at his husband as he lazily threaded his fingers through Abigail's long brown hair when she lay down between them.

The older man laughed at him before returning his attention to his daughter, wiping away her tears before he gently said.

"How about I sing you a song my dear? One I sang to my sister, many years ago"

End Notes

Here's the (not exact) translation for the lullaby Hanni was singing for the baby.

cooked, boiled, the little mouse a little porridge
cooked, boiled, the little mouse a little porridge
to this gave some, to this gave some,
to this gave some, to this gave some, but for this one there wasn’t any,
ran, ran, the little mouse to the well to bring water

If anyone wants to give a correct translation of the song that'd be fine by me, but I hope you liked it regardless :)

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